

The World

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PUBLICITY'S GREAT FORCE.

In his address at New Haven on the defects of the American public school system President Eliot extolled publicity as the prime factor of progress. He said:

To use in industrial conflicts a weapon forged in secret is to exhibit an utter lack of faith in the best means of remedy for industrial wrongs—publicity. When the capitalists or middlemen resist a strike without publishing their reasons the demonstration of lack of faith in publicity is complete. Yet publicity is the great security for democracy, the best weapon against political, social, industrial or commercial wrongdoing, and, in the long-run, the most trustworthy means of political and social progress.

The reader hears here an echo of World editorial utterances made originally at the time of the threatened Venezuelan conflict and since reiterated with intelligent emphasis in other periods of crisis.

"The best means of remedy for industrial wrongs." An application of this truth by miners and operators last June would have anticipated by five months the final recourse to arbitration which was had only after much public distress and bitterness of spirit. What a gain for the nation if it had been made use of then before an outraged public opinion made it mandatory!

The delay has been answerable for widespread industrial distress, for pitiful processions of children and sick women carrying home the dear-purchased fuel in pails, for a monetary loss of nearly \$150,000,000, for crimes of violence and murder. And there is left also a train of remoter evils consequent on the injection of socialist poison which will make the reconstruction period one of difficulty. It will be to industry what that following the civil war was to society.

OUR INADEQUATE SCHOOLS.

What the distinguished President of Harvard University had to say about our common school system would shock us beyond measure if uttered by a foreign educator—provided the criticism did not simply excite our derision. Is not our school system the inner ark of our covenant with ourselves that we are the world's leading nation? President Eliot finds it wanting and holds it responsible for mob violence, gambling, intemperance, the spoils system, indeed, most of the worst ills of the body politic. And also "it has failed to cultivate sufficient reasoning power in employers and employed to prevent strikes, violence and loss."

The bill of particulars is full and explicit, and drawn as it is by an educator who at thirty took charge of a college which he has made one of the world's great universities, it is the expression of one competent to speak. The remedy proposed is more money to provide better primary educational facilities and to improve the personnel of the teachers. "Greater effectiveness means greater costliness," he says. "But could any one imagine it to be unreasonable to spend for the moral and mental training of a child as much as is spent on his food? If that equality in expenditure could be established over the Union there would result a prodigious improvement in the public schools."

When we desire to think with pride of our educational system shall we be obliged, after all, to look back to the little red schoolhouse whence our Clays and Websters and Lincolns came? What the instruction of that period lacked in frills was compensated for in character building.

INSPECTOR HARLEY'S TEARS.

Inspector Harley, retired yesterday by Commissioner Partridge, is reported to have wept as he prepared to shed his chevrons and quit the scenes of his long service—we had almost said "activity," but that word would be a misnomer. One can appreciate the Inspector's emotion. "Oh, ye familiar scenes, ye haunts of crime, that once were mine and are no longer mine." And the Inspector's regrets are somewhat heightened and his sensitive nature wounded by the reflection that just as he goes his successor, Inspector Brooks, has been raiding gambling-houses of which the retired Inspector does not seem to have known.

Harley said yesterday he felt sure that in retiring he left no enemy behind him. A touching tribute to a gentle life, but hardly a proper boast for a policeman whom, more than a statesman, we ought to love for the enemies he has made.

Harley's record is clean, for it has been said of him that he "was not one to make trouble for himself or for any one else." From which we fancy that his fortune must be a modest one; but better than riches in old age is the serene consciousness of a well-ordered life, equally spent, with no harm done to one's fellow men, no "trouble" made for anybody. And yet it is not exactly for that that police officers are selected.

THE TREELESS BOULEVARD.

A joint west side and Morningside Heights committee is seeking to make the subway contractors restore the Boulevard to some of its old beauty as a tree-lined thoroughfare. Residents of the west side who had watched its trees grown up from sickly and unpromising saplings felt a personal pang when they were cut down in their early maturity, needlessly, as it seemed, and with vandal axes.

In replacing them the contractors have kept to the letter of their agreement, but in many cases they have substituted nursery culls planted in poor soil. The chances in the present circumstances of a restoration of the long reaches of well-matured trees are very slight and the committee's usefulness is apparent.

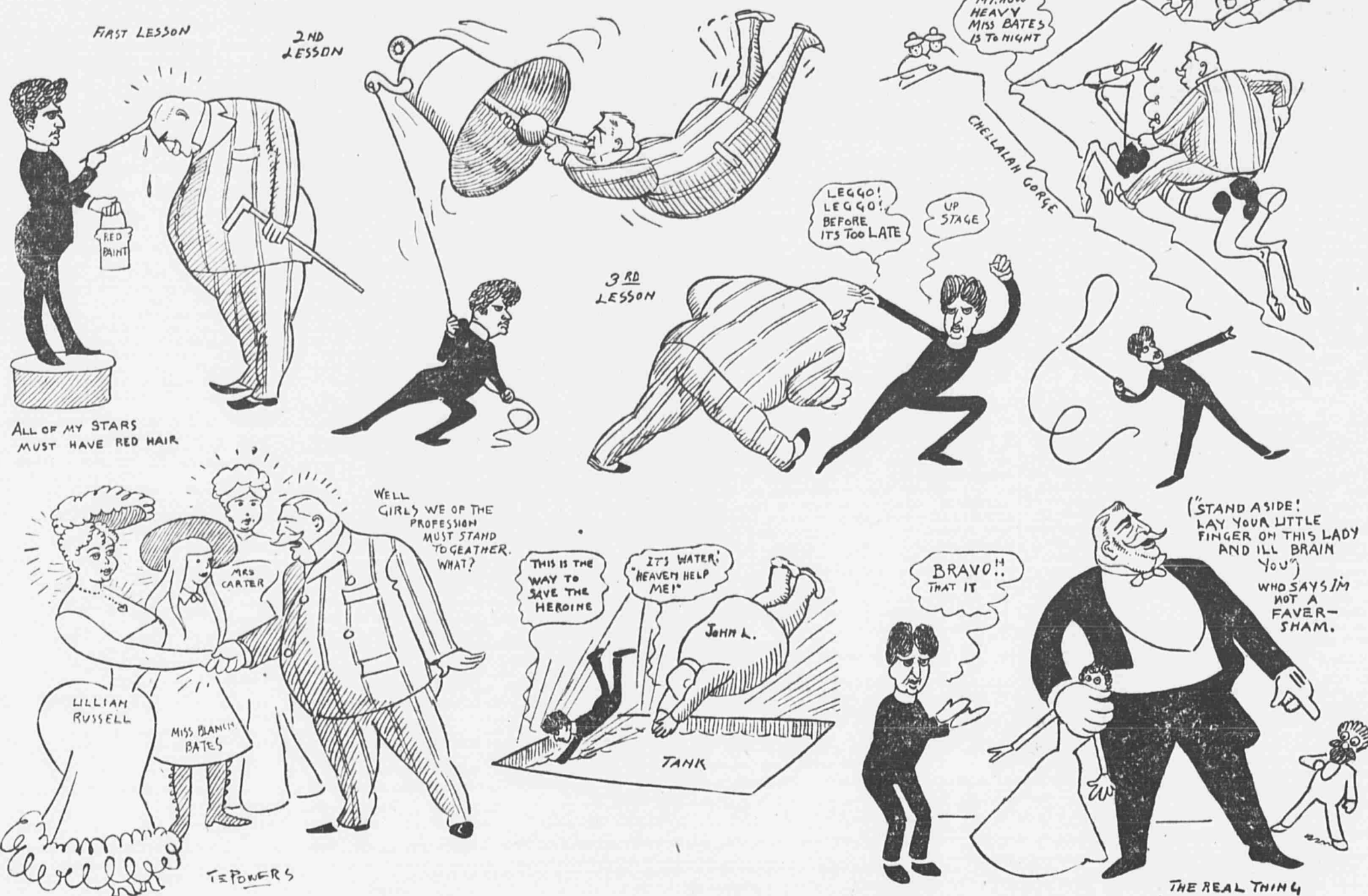
THE DETECTIVE'S OPERA HAT.

An opera hat carries a man a long way in the night life of the Tenderloin. It admits him unchallenged at doors with wickets and into other resorts. A slouch in an opera hat furnished much of the evidence on which the gambling-house raids of this week were ordered and two plain-clothes men from the West Twentieth street precinct hatted in this black badge of an evening out have been enabled therewith to apprehend two notorious hanger women, types of a class of prevalent offenders against whom it is most difficult to secure incriminating evidence.

The old Hawkshaw with his disguises has become the low-comedy man of the profession. The star is in his swalltail after 6, his apparel proclaiming a swell, sometimes to the downfall of those who take opera hats at their par value. Is it to Sherlock Holmes with his refined methods that we owe this social uplifting, this gentianizing of the profession?

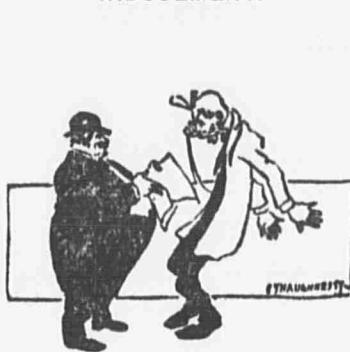
John L. Sullivan Will Be the Next Belasco Star.

Artist Powers Forecasts the Process.



John L. Sullivan is going on the vaudeville stage to rival Corbett, in the gentle art of spinning monologues. The big fellow declares he will "get some pointers from Dave Belasco." Judging from the hectic methods Belasco employed in training Mrs. Leslie Carter, the above scenes may be realized before the course of "pointers" is concluded.

INDUCEMENT.



Life Insurance Agent—Why, just look at this list. I've insured twenty-four men in the last six months and seventeen of them are seriously ill at the present moment!

DEPLORABLE.



Mr. Stratlace—Awful to see Indians drink so, isn't it? Pisen Pete—You bet! It's a clear waste of good liquor.

LITERARY NOTES.



"A struggling author."

BAD BUSINESS.



Waggs—Young Doolit is going the pace that kills. Jaggs—Ah! Drink? Waggs—No. He's running an auto.

AN OLD STORY.



She—"Do you dance?" He—"I haven't danced much for three seasons back. By this rule on an ordinary city block could be erected a building 1,500 feet high, 500 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. It would have 125 stories and cost about \$30,000,000."

TWO MAIDENS AND A WIDOW IN A HUSBAND CHASE.

MRS. HYSSOP'S FIRST BOARDER.

BY ALBERT J. KLINK.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) HE Algonquin was not so pretentious a hostelry as its name might lead one to believe.

It was a modest two-story affair, placed well back from the street, presided over by a rather spacious example of the gentler sex, who lived simply and happily under the pungent name of Mrs. Winifred Hyssop.

This estimable lady had been a widow now for two years, during which time the Algonquin had been planted, had taken root and branched into a cozy, comfortable boarding-house.

From its very inception the rooms were always taken, and the table always held its limit of satisfied eaters. Mrs. Hyssop was a model landlady in more senses than one.

She was now sitting enthroned on the front veranda—enthroned because no other word fits so aptly when she chooses to adorn the front veranda. "I do believe he's taking up with both the girls," was her soliloquy, the "he" being the boarder who was the first one domiciled under her humble roof. "And I wonder which will get him? My, but it is exciting! Oh, here comes Fanny now!"

Fanny looked worried as she came up the steps. She drew a chair up to Mrs. Hyssop and sat down. "Are you tired, Fanny?" the latter asked. "And did you meet with much success to-day?"

Fanny's success depended upon disposing of gaudy fancy work made by her own nimble fingers, which, to judge from her work, numbered more than the allotted supply of thumbs. Fanny sighed. Mrs. Hyssop knew well what this meant.

"It is hard, I know," she sympathized. "To get along in this world. Especially when one is alone," she ended, casting a side glance at the perturbed Fanny.

Mrs. Hyssop hoped this would turn Fanny into the matrimonial channel. And a prologue in this direction did sprout, for the girl sighed again, and said:

"I would lose hope altogether if it wasn't for—" "For?" repeated the alert landlady, feeling quite as if she wanted to pound Fanny on the back and knock the completion of the sentence out of her, as

is done to a child when a morsel of food becomes lodged in its throat. Fanny's face went red. Then she said in a stage whisper:

"For Mr. Barnston." "Ah!" breathed Mrs. Hyssop, very much as if she had had a drink of some refreshing beverage on a warm day.

"You must have noticed," resumed Fanny, "that he has been attentive to me—quite attentive. As I have no

turned her head to one side pensively. Fanny now came to the point with almost superhuman abruptness, asking:

"Do you think I ought to marry him?" Mrs. Hyssop?

The suddenness with which the question came made the landlady wince. Then she beamed upon her fair boarder.

"Yes," she began, "Mr. Barnston has been with me a long time. There have

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.



"YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED," RESUMED FANNY, "THAT HE HAS BEEN ATTENTIVE TO ME—QUITE ATTENTIVE."

mother, I thought all along that I would some day come to you, who have been so very kind to me, and confide in and you ask your advice.

You know more about Mr. Barnston than I do. He told me he had been boarding here for two years."

"Yes, for two whole years," put in Mrs. Hyssop. "Ever since I opened up." "You must have had a rare chance to study him," Fanny said. "You must know if he has any—any qualities that are not—not—good."

Mrs. Hyssop sat more erect. She

been many chances to study him, and I have taken advantage of them. You haven't known him so long as I have, and of course you are not so able to judge. I appreciate very much your coming to me. And taking everything into consideration, and to make a long story short, I would advise you not to marry him under any circumstances."

A cyclone seemed to strike Fanny and her fancy-work, for both went to pieces—Fanny on her chair, and the fancy-work on the floor at her feet. Fanny gave her needlework an en-

getic punch as she said: "I'm going to do my best to win Mr. Barnston."

"I hope you are not angry with me?" Mrs. Hyssop asked.

"Oh, no, not in the least," was the reply. "I thank you very much for your advice."

Fanny walked majestically into the house.

Two days later Mrs. Hyssop was again sitting upon the front veranda. A frail creature in white, with a last year's sailor on and a music-roll in her lap, sat beside her. Both were gazing absently across the street.

"I don't see how I shall get through the summer," the frail creature said. "Almost all of my pupils have now gone to the country to stay for the summer. I must make a living somehow."

"You poor dear," solaced the feeling widow. "No one knows that better than I do. When my dear husband died he left me almost destitute. But I thought at once of starting a boarding-house, and the first thing I knew Mr. Barnston—"

The frail creature suddenly raised her eyes. She was the other girl with whom Mr. Barnston was "taking up," as his landlady put it.

"Mr. Barnston came, and before long I got more boarders than I could accommodate," ended Mrs. Hyssop.

Again she had set the ball rolling. Barnstonward, and again her "hopes rose, for the frail creature with the music roll at once plunged headlong into the subject of Mrs. Hyssop's first boarder.

"Of course," she said, "you must have noticed that Mr. Barnston has been paying attention to me of late. He seems to be very nice. He is always so gentlemanly."

"He is indeed," put in the landlady. "There have been times," went on the girl, "when I felt as if I just must come to you for advice about Mr. Barnston. If any one could give it, I knew you could. Do you think he would make a good husband?"

Having had experience, this time Mrs. Hyssop's calm was something to wonder at.

"My dear Louise," she began, "I feel deeply the honor you put upon me. Yes, I have studied Mr. Barnston very closely for the past two years. And of late I have noticed that he thinks very well of you. But Mr. Barnston is—well, Louise, dear, I wouldn't marry him if I were you."

Louise had risen, and was flourishing her music roll menacingly. Looking down the street, she saw

Fanny coming along. She hurried into the parlor and sat down at the piano. When Fanny passed through the hall Louise was playing "The Last Rose of Summer."

She remained at the piano until it was time for Mr. Barnston to make his appearance.

As soon as she heard him talking to Mrs. Hyssop she started up. "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You."

The greatest day in the Algonquin's history dawned bright and clear. "Just a perfect wedding day," came from all sides.

From early morning there was constant bustling. By noon the house began to take on its decorations.

The boarders who came for their mid-day meal were loud in their praises of the excellent taste manifested.

And when evening at last came and they began to assemble in the parlor there was a veritable buzz of talk about things in general.

Finally the guests had been ushered in, all but one, and that one would not witness the ceremony. In an upper room she sat alone at an open window, with a handkerchief to her eyes, weeping.

She could hear the minister's voice as he made them man and wife. Later, when she heard the hilarity below, she knew that it was all over.

But she still sat at the window. She saw the carriage drive up and halt at the stepping-stone. She heard loud talking on the sidewalk.

She saw figures scurrying back and forth. Then she heard a chorus of shouts. A moment later the sound of rice thrown against the carriage, more shouting, and then the sharp bang to of the carriage door.

Afterward the patter of horses' feet and the sound of wheels on the cobblestones. Then more shouting.

Within the vehicle sat two very happy beings.

The ride to the station was short, and when they entered their train Mr. Barnston was surprised to see, seated at the other end of the car, a former chum of his.

Barnston and his bride had hardly got comfortably seated when his friend left his seat to go to the smoker. As he came abreast of the newly-wedded couple he recognized Barnston and halted.

"Jove, but I am glad to see you," Barnston said, rising and taking his friend by the hand. "Mr. Horton, allow me to introduce you to my wife, formerly Mrs. Winifred Hyssop, of the Algonquin."

A FEW REMARKS.

Speculators who want to handle any of the Chicago Restaurant Trust's stock will have to give tips, instead of receiving them.

"What an artless pose the main figure in this painting of mine has!" "Yes, the whole picture is more artless than art."

They think they have discovered gold Upon an "up-State" farm. If this be true each farmer's saved From his most grave alarm; For now, when he would buy gold bricks, He need not tow around; To brave the perils of New York, He'll raise gold bricks at home.

No, "Sweet Sixteen," the blue-penciling of the ring and of the word "obey" from the marriage service doesn't visibly affect the size of the alimony.

To add a rattling good sporting turn to events, why not match the winners of the Haytian row against the winners of the Venezuelan rough-and-tumble?

"And where did he take you after the theatre?" "Home." "Ah! So you are engaged at last?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I am going to wear a pongee dress to the ping-pong party." "Why not wear a pink pongee?"

"Coal is now a burden to speculators," says a news item. With what heroic equanimity most of us would share their burden!

Had Henry Clay lived a few decades longer he would have seen the words "right" and "President," once more in conjunction.

The Judge—You say the defendant insinuated that you were an incurable imbecile? The Plaintiff—Worse than that, Your Honor. He told folks I had become a professional humorist.

Tell me not in mournful numbers Strikes are now an empty dream, For prosperity still slumbers, Coal's still costly as ice-cream.

Soon the bin's scant stock is fleeting; And, though temperance people scold, Corn-juice scores of folks are eating. Simply to keep out the cold.

Coal is dear, the stuff thou burnest, And it soon exhausts your roll. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest" First was written of soft coal.

"The Connecticut man's plan to 'flay' Mr. Morgan, isn't necessarily a 'skin' game."

"My son plays entirely by ear." "Is that so? I thought it was by brute force."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Staten Island woman who wants \$1,500 damages because her hair was dyed light red instead of jet black, may grow still more light-headed from joy if she secures her verdict.

"What are you doing with crutches, old man? I didn't know you were crippled." "I'm not. But it's the only way I can get a seat on the 'L' or make trolley cars stop for me."

"What advantage is there, anyway, in a man always forming his own opinions and doing logical reasoning?" "None, that I can see. Except that it exempts him from jury duty."

Money owed on clowder tickets may, it is said, wipe out a certain local politician's whole estate. In other words, the clowder may pave the way to "the sun."

The swift District-Attorney incontinently collars

The gamblers' rolls, amounting to eight hundred thousand dollars. On learning which the man of sense the problem soon can master. As to why some folks nowadays don't get rich any faster.

"I have a grievance against the 'L' road. I have to stand up every day from Battery Place to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street." "You're a long-standing grievance."

First Cloud—Why do you look so sorrowful? Second Cloud—I was just reflecting on the sad fact that when I'm gone I'll not be mist-Town and Country.

She was a multi-millionaire. A poor man married her. And at the wedding one guest wept

And kicked up quite a stir. "Oh, tell me why," the others asked, these bitter tears your shedding?" "To see," he said, "so young a man enjoy his golden wedding."

"Jaggs said he greatly enjoyed watching the eclipse of the moon." "He ought to. It's the first night on record that he hasn't been bothered by seeing two moons."

Perry Belmont may believe the "spite fence" back of his house is made from timbers used in Staten Island for the recent political "platform."

Positively the last call for the registration train.

SOMEODIES.

ABERNETHY, WILLIAM—Is the oldest living pioneer of Oregon. He is seventy, has lived in Oregon for sixty-two years and helped his father build the first sawmill in that State.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW—Has bought from the Duke of Westminster a building plot on Park lane, London's most fashionable thoroughfare. The lot is just beyond J. P. Morgan, Jr.'s house.

GRANTHAM, JUSTICE—Is England's record-breaking murder Judge. He recently tried three murder cases in one day. He is so fond of smoking that he leaves the bench every little while for a few puffs at a briar pipe.

KITCHENER, GEN. F. W.—brother to Lord Kitchener, recently had the odd experience of being called down on some military vicissitude by his elder younger brother.

MICHONIS, M.—The French millionaire, has started a \$120,000 fund for sending French students to German universities.

SKY SCRAPERS.

A local architect says that, with the modern steel frame, a building can be carried to a height equal to seven and one-half times the diameter of its base. By this rule on an ordinary city block could be erected a building 1,500 feet high, 500 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. It would have 125 stories and cost about \$30,000,000.

SIBERIA.

Few people realize the enormity of Siberia, which extends through 120 degrees of longitude and possesses one-ninth of all the land surface of the globe. The United States, Great Britain and all Europe, except Russia, could be put into Siberia, with land to spare.

BIG MOTHS.

The white-marked tussock moth is a native of North America. It ranges the territory east of the Rocky Mountains and attacks almost every variety of shade, fruit and ornamental trees, with the exception of the conifers.

DUST.

A physician of Monte Carlo, Dr. Guglielminetti, in a recent report, notes that dust consists not only of tiny bits of sand and soil, but also of living organisms, chiefly of germs, and of dead organic matter, both animal and vegetable.